The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVIII *August* 6, 1948 NUMBER 17

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in* 1924 *with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1948 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada $6 a year. Foreign $7. Single copies 15c

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Whereas . . . whereas . . .

PARAPHRASING Dr. Johnson, it may perhaps be said that nothing clears a man's mind so much as having to face the possibility of defeat in an election. Most of us, we must admit, however, do not operate at our best in the face of fearful odds: we need cossetting and cajoling; we do better when loved, when encouraged by word of mouth or by a friendly pat. But the President of the United States seems to be an exception to this rule. The harder he is hit, the more he comes up for more. In a party that has gone to pieces in the hand like a housemaid's teacup, and that seems entirely to justify Groddeck's theory that no one gets ill or dies unless his own hands (or teeth) dig his grave, Mr. Truman is behaving like the most spectacular of all mackerels. The reckless, sunset splendor of his stand on civil rights is now more than matched by the dramatic delivery of his two executive orders on discrimination in the armed forces and in the Federal Government. On the eve of his omnibus call on Congress for action, and after the mountainous Southern secession had delivered itself of the Thurmondian mouse, the Presidential orders, which require no Congressional sanction, specified in detail the machinery necessary and available to monitor both anti-discrimination programs.

Throughout the Federal establishment, the President orders, all personnel actions taken by Federal appointing officers shall be based solely on merit and fitness; in the Armed Services the "highest standards of democracy, with equality of treatment and opportunity for all" shall be maintained. In the Federal services there shall be in each department a fair employment officer; in the National Military Establishment an advisory committee of seven members, to be designated by the President, is to be set up, to cooperate with the executive departments and agencies of the Federal Government. This Committee can only cease to exist by Executive Order from the President.

Here lies the glove—or rather the pair of gloves. Who will pick them up, and how? The Army and the Civil Service may just stall, playing for time and a Republican victory to push such old, unwelcome chestnuts right back into the ashes; or they may decide that both statements are of the "when did you stop beating your wife" calibre, since a Negro Brigadier-General and a Negro State Department official both exist to prove that the "long-established policy" of fair employment without discrimination is effectively carried out. It may perhaps even be that this timely tolerance may defeat its own ultimate ends, and drive the Republicans into Anglo-Saxon, rather than American, attitudes on race-problems.

But since things so often have results that ricochet, it is also possible that the President's last-ditch democracy may draw more men to him than his Civil Rights platform drove dissidents from him. Feeling he has nothing to lose, and all the Communist-shy progressives and liberals to win, the President may prove the Red Queen's wisdom, that in running in the directly opposite direction one arrives at one's goal. Never did a second term look more remote, or the Democratic Party more lost: the President's courageous stand, entirely on his own authority and initiative, as himself, as head of the nation, not as a member of any party, may rally that nation to him as nothing else could.

Can such action be labeled courage? Is it courage to take action when there can be no fear of the fruit of action? Had these two orders, whether necessary or not, been issued during the first months of his administration it might be possible to call the President a brave man; now, he is a man at bay. Yet his actions, for all they may seem to lack prudence, are valuable, and not only for themselves or for the record, but as the most positive campaign action, likely to put any mere campaign oratory, in the shade. As Senator Howard McGrath of Rhode

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Island put it: "If the Republicans are smart, they will enact this program." And if the armed services and the Federal agencies are smart, they will obey executive orders.

Certainly, however dishonored or neglected in the observance, these Presidential fiats are welcome antidote to the inquisitorial tactics of some heresy-hunters; no matter to what party a man may or may not belong, it is good to know what he may *be*, even though the warning rider is added, in the order affecting the Army, that due regard must be paid to the time "required to effectuate any necessary changes without impairing efficiency or morale." Segregation is not specifically mentioned—perhaps it will not be, until time is become eternity?

Big Business and Collectivism

THE FEDERAL Trade Commission has just seen fit to call upon the special session of Congress to do something about the way America's giant corporations are stifling competition and getting out of hand. The Commission warns, in a lengthy report entitled the "Merger Movement," that "if nothing is done to check the growth in concentration, either the giant corporations will ultimately take over the country, or the Government will be impelled to step in and impose some form of direct regulation in the public interest. In either event collectivism will have triumphed over free enterprise and the theory of competition will have been relegated to the limbo of well-intentioned but ineffective ideals. . . ." One might juxtapose the conviction that in a capitalist system nothing succeeds like monopoly with the historic fact that in a political democracy monopolies have become objects of universal vilification. A number of them have weathered all alarums and realize that neither Congress nor the American people are in a reformist mood right now. It is positively startling to encounter this serious, documented plea for action of a long-range sort from Mr. Truman's special session of Congress, especially as the loopholes in the Clayton Anti-Trust law which the FTC would plug up have long sustained heavy traffic.

When the Commission gets down to details in its report, it comes up with some fascinating data. We should like to know more about each of the 2,450 independent manufacturing and mining companies which have been absorbed and disappeared since 1940 before reaching for our handkerchiefs, recognizing all the while that their total assets of over five billions and one-twentieth of the total assets of all American corporations have to be reckoned with. Qualitatively, though, it is hard to picture in the flesh the effects of hyper-consolidation in such industries as the report designates as recently merged: cement, salt, white lead, book paper and fire extinguishers.

With automobiles it is different. The industry, which once boasted the widest differences in companies and vehicles is now down to exactly ten companies. Moreover, Ford, Chrysler and General Motors account for eight out of every ten new American passenger cars. What is the result? Advantages naturally include whatever savings in cost that can be ascribed to mass production. Most important of all, the establishment of a few great laboratories, research facilities and testing grounds has made possible a finished product whose performance is uniformly excellent. In other words, more Americans own cars and the cars are remarkably efficient.

As the mechanism has become perfected, diversity has greatly narrowed. Not only must all current models be in style (they must bulge at the present moment) but the difference in performance between a plushy sixteen cylinder and the lowest price six has greatly diminished with the years. Prestige with the Joneses is the greatest real difference between the fifteen hundred and five thousand dollar models. Moreover the price differential between Ford and Buick, for example, has markedly shrunk. For power, size, speed, durability and smoothness in ordinary operation there is little to choose. The auto companies even have patent agreements which make the mechanical advances of one company's automotive engineers available to the others within a couple of years. So that everything but a wide range of choice is offered to the consumer. There is nothing domestic available between the comparatively rare bantam car of the European type (Crosley and, perhaps Willys) and the lower priced sixes of considerable horsepower and gasoline consumption. Whatever competition is operating when America's postwar demand for new cars is finally satisfied will once again largely be on the basis of loyalties, appointments, minor refinements, servicing or trade-in policy.

We have come to accept the economics of the mass production line and the fact that the making of automobiles is not small business. But what of the less dramatic and colorful enterprises which have departed from the business world unsung and very little lamented in the course of the concentrating which the Federal Trade Commission seeks to restrain? Can nothing now be done to stem that welling tide? Small business and anti-monopoly are ordinarily good political catchwords—in fact were effective long before the days of Thurman Arnold. Both parties will continue to speak of little business in glowing terms during the next three months. Yet in the light of actual government inactivity the only thing that little business men, fearful of being swallowed up, can do is to band solidly together. Then by the time long-range legislation is once more feasible they will be that much more able to present their case in Washington.

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The Ohio Killers

THEY TOOK the superintendent of the Reformatory, his wife and his daughter, out into a field; they made them kneel down in the field and bow their heads—then they shot them. It was a formal kind of execution. The other murders were different. For instance, they cut in their car in front of another forcing it to a stop at the side of the road. They said to the man: let's see your license, the way a tough policeman would say it; they looked at the licence; they shot the man; they let his wife escape; they went off with the car. They thought changing cars would make it more difficult for the police. They came to a parking lot at night. There was a truck there with the kind of trailer they use to deliver new cars. There were four cars on the trailer: two on top of the steel framework and two beneath. The driver was asleep in the cab of the truck. They pulled him out of the cab and they shot him. Later, when they came to the road block, one of the two was asleep in a brand new automobile with a pistol beside him but he was asleep and so the sheriff took him, but the man who was driving the truck came out of the cab firing and this one the police shot down. So there was only one of them left to do the talking.

He talked all right. He talked to the crowd from the steps of the courthouse in the little town to which he was taken. He was arrogant, defiant and filled with hate. He told who had shot whom. He said there was one murder that had happened during the time the two were running wild with which they were not connected and the police believed him. But he said it was not the man the police had shot who executed the superintendent and his family. He said I want the credit for that, he said, I wish I could have killed them all in that place, he said, there was that man Harris; they were all brutes, but Harris was the worst bully in the place. The newspapers probably toned down the language but that is the idea.

It happened in Ohio and these two men were not gangsters fighting other gangsters nor had they robbed a bank. The newspapers said they were trigger crazy and mad dogs. But it is a much more interesting story than that. They were mad all right and they killed people they had never seen before just to take their cars but that is just part of an escape story and it is not so very interesting. It is the murder that they thought of as an execution that is interesting. It is what they thought about the reformatory that is extremely interesting.

There is always one detail in a newspaper story that gives all the meaning to the story. The story of these two men in Ohio is no story at all if they were just trigger crazy and mad. The story of the murders along the road is no story. The real story is in a detail that the newspapers got hold of after they had finished with the account of the chase. Somebody wondered about this man Harris. Somebody went to Harris for a follow-up and Harris said I guess my number wasn't up, or words to that effect, and that was all Harris said. But the reporter must have been persistent, or perhaps there was someone in the reformatory who felt the way the mad dog murderers felt about Harris, because the next day the newspapers provided the information that Harris, the guard in the reformatory, is an ex-convict who has served time, not long ago either, for shooting a man. That is how the real story came out. The real story is the story of the reformatory.

"Knock on any Door," by Willard Motley, tells about a boy who went to a reformatory and ended in the electric chair. The picture he gives of reformatories is a terrible picture and Mr. Motley thinks that a boy sent to one either is killed as if he were dead—that is when his spirit is broken—or is turned into a criminal through hatred of society—that is when he is tougher than the brutes who torment him. The trouble with Mr. Motley's book is that the case he makes against the reformatory is too black and white and, when you get out of fiction—no matter how based it may be on fact—you find someone like Mr. Howland Shaw whose whole activity is founded on his belief that the products of the reformatory are not unredeemable.

There is no need to choose between putting the blame on society—thereby exculpating the criminal—and putting all the blame on the criminal (the mad dog thesis)—thereby exculpating society, in this case, the reformatory. It has become very clear to everyone that conditions in American reformatories are disgraceful and criminal. The employment as guard of a man convicted of violence could be considered simply as criminal negligence. Unfortunately that is not how it will be considered by many. It will be seen rather as the deliberate result of a desire to employ tough guards in order to enforce a tough, repressive system of punishment. It will be seen as the disavowal of all attempts to educate.

One of the two murderers is dead; the other soon will be dead. They did not die to save America. We are not sentimental about them. They did not die to save the delinquent youth of America. But they did go back to that reformatory in a cold fury and for a reason. They returned to the reformatory because in all their lives that is where they had suffered the most; that is where their hatred was centered. They tried to say something. It does not matter who they were, or how they tried to say it, or even if they were not sure what they were actually trying to say. The fact is that they said something about reformatories and we had better listen to what they said.

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Germany's Only Cure

Zsolt Aradi

THIS IS WHAT a German friend of mine wrote me before I left his country this spring: "There is something significant in the fact that no treaty has yet been signed with Germany, and that nobody can even guess what will happen if the proposed West German State is created. Germany, the German People, and the German Mission have become empty phrases. It is significant because in that spiritual and moral desert which is called Occupied Germany there is no statesman, no historian, no priest or philosopher who could really answer the questions, "What do the Germans think about themselves? What do they want? How, indeed, did a Germany, like a France, England or Sweden, exist before all this?" The people, the nation, the language, that discovered the word, *Weltanschauung,* have never had one; never had real unity either; and now they still gaze into chaos, not knowing which is better: to commit suicide before somebody pushes them into the abyss, or to give up any struggle for self-clarification and become unprotestingly the mercenaries of the new princes. The whole of Europe, and sometimes the whole world have had this suicidal dilemma put before it whenever, during her long history from Caesar to General Eisenhower, Germany has arrived at the brink of the abyss. Hence the world would apparently like to be sure that the interior German problem will never again have cosmic repercussions. This is the reason why the world has decided to settle the German question without the Germans.

"Up to this very moment there is no German nation; there is no German sovereignty. If anybody calls himself a German, he cannot prove it. If there is a German language, it is used by the Swiss, too, who are not Germans; and it is used by the Austrians, and they are glad not to be called *Deutsche.* The word of Nietzsche, *Deutsch sein heisst sich zu entdeutschen*—"To be a German is to de-Germanize yourself"—seems to become not only true, but a reality. Those who were non-Nazi and are from the South want to 'de-Germanize' themselves through a proud, penitential renunciation of evil German habits, and those who come from the North, by a no less thoroughgoing denial of Hitler, the Austrian. The Nazis themselves desire de-Germanization through violent repudiation of those *German* mistakes, which, they claim, led to the catastrophe.

"For an outsider, yes, Germany is still a spiritual and moral desert. There are sixteen little governments, divided under four 'big princes.' There are political parties, operating, presumably, on the *Weltanschauung* principle, and there are hundreds of newspapers, reviews which do not express anything very much, whose voices do not count in the great orchestra. It seems again that Hoelderlin was right in his 'Hyperion'—'It is cruel to say, but I must tell it because this is the truth. I cannot imagine any other people more torn to pieces than the Germans. You meet craftsmen but no men; thinkers but no men; priests but no men; lords and servants, young and old, but no men. Isn't this a battlefield where hands and arms and all the members of the body lay dissevered on the ground? And meanwhile the precious lifeblood sinks into the sands.' "

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The German problem can be approached thus in that old romantic way, too. It would mean accumulating theory upon theory, German book upon German magazine, and then also permitting those non-German charlatans to speak, who are servile admirers of anything German, have no sense of history nor any sense of human reality. For now, if we try to look at it from inside the German soul, we can see that the mass of people living in the territory between Poland and France and Italy are undergoing the greatest spiritual change in their history. If what Hoelderlin wrote a hundred years ago was to some extent true, then now it must be quite true that suffering will make Germany human. At least there are still two chances: either humanity shall win; or else the suffering, unaccompanied by any reason and comprehension, shall be considered meaningless and senseless. In that case, Germany will be definitely lost for the Western World.

Historians may disagree and find other similar or greater collapses, but I believe the elimination of Bismarck's, Wilhelm's and Hitler's Reich is the most spectacular collapse in history, and I think the most total. It is important to keep in mind that almost every German agrees with this judgment and recognizes this defeat. According to Clausewitz, a victory is total if the army of the enemy is beaten and dissolved and if the national territory is occupied. In the case of the Reich of Hitler (and of his historical predecessors), these requirements are more than totally

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satisfied. Hitler is dead; the other, smaller fuehrers of the country hanged or shot; the national territory reduced to a minimum, patrolled, and stuffed full with all the sons of the German settlers who left Germany for the East from the 13th century to the most recent times. The victory over the trouble-making Reich is as cosmic as the dreams of Hitler and of Wilhelm. The war industry is smashed and the soldier is not a respected, envied person any more. He has been reduced to the ancient Chinese level of esteem, in which the warrior is a necessary evil. I have always wondered why the destruction of the German cities has not been more widely and frequently shown in the newsreels of all the world, in order to develop an understanding of the German problem. The blitz over London was no doubt tremendous, and the bombing of Warsaw, Belgrade, Rotterdam and Coventry, also; but the destruction of the German cities of over 100,000 population has determined a whole historical development, that is, the disappearance of the German bourgeoisie, of the *Buergertum* whose tastes, wishes and dreams created the German national state, and who, as a class, ruled over the civilization of that wide "European margin" extending between Russia and the West. It would be a crime against ourselves and against the world to hide any aspect of the German problem. Thus it is true and no exaggeration to state that with the last war Germany lost body and soul. She lost her strength and has no hope for that restoration which normally is the aim of all beaten armies and marshals: there is no possibility of an *independent* revenge upon *all* the enemies.

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Three years after the end of the war this problem is no closer to an organic solution than it was when Jodl put his signature to the articles of surrender at Rheims. For the organic solution does not depend entirely upon the victorious powers, and it would not be satisfactory even if by some miracle the Russians would agree on all the issues. The lack of German cooperation and the absence of any constructive idea about the future of Germany can upset any plan. It must be clear that no man can be saved against his own will. If you decide to sell your soul to the devil, the prayers of others will hold you back for a while, but if you insist, you may succeed, if God Himself does not intervene. I was looking in Germany for new ideas, looking for new men who would disclose what they want and know how to answer the questions about what Germany is, how the people of that country can fit into human society, where are the individuals ready and capable of working against mountains of obstacles. The revitalization of a sick human being and of a sick nation is as much a matter of the spirit as of the drugs administered. Wealthy nations without spiritual foundations perforce decline, and poor communities step into their wealth. I do not hesitate to state this, despite the evident counter-argument that in the age of the atomic bomb and of the intricate economic interdependence of everything, the lack of a very material screw can undermine all my theory. As long as this earth is populated by men and not by half-thinking machines everything finally must depend on the spiritual force of man.

If we go out searching for these creative spiritual forces in Germany, as I did for the past two years, at first we will receive no response. No echo. Many people fall into the error of accepting promptly the ready-made partisan opinions which are available in every big city in all four zones. I do not like to say it, and I wish to emphasize that eventually the German political party system will doubtless also undergo a change, but at this time, despite many honest and talented and courageous politicians, one cannot possibly expect the needed spiritual forces to arise from the parties. In general, not only in Germany, of course, it would be a mistake to confound the modern party—which means action in the modern parliamentary system—with those men or groups not active in the parties who, through their creative existence, determine even the growth of political parties and the direction and strength of spiritual life.

The old class of German professors does not count any more. One of the last genuine representatives of that class, Max Planck, died in the greatest misery last year. Many joined the Nazis, and those who did not left the country or were silenced. And what is a professor of that older tradition without his followers? There were those like Professor Huber, who at first joined the Party and then later violently opposed it. He participated in the heroic conspiracy of the Schmoll brothers in Munich in 1942, and was sentenced and executed. Another type of professor became lukewarm or cautious because of the evident danger, and did not attract students because the war was a greater attraction. Theodor Haecker, who could be considered as spiritual leader, and even as a saint, died shortly after the collapse. Jaspers lectures in Heidelberg, but without any special appeal that reaches to other universities. I mention these names because they are the names of some of the men who still preserve the type of old-fashioned German Professor. Now, the individual whose title is Herr Professor no longer has any moral authority, and the Professor as a notion does not attract the imagination of youth. Science is no longer the magic word. The classes which furnished most of the outstanding technicians and detail workers

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in the field of science no longer believe in progress as such, and they have no desire to work for the particular progress of science.

I have taken up the rôle of the professor first because early German Marxism and the traditions of Haeckel and of National Socialism all developed and emphasized the authority of the professor as a substitute for spiritual authority and as a mediator in the Herrgott-Fuehrer-Volk relationship. Here it should also be mentionad, however, that the German professor today has no tools of the trade. Those famous experimental laboratories belong to the past. And the philosopher, the literary historian and the general historian also lack tools. For the past fifteen years they have not been acquainted with the great publications of the world outside Germany, and now the existing currency regulations prevent catching up. They are not in a position to abandon the old proverb: *"An Deutschen Wesen soll die Welt genesen."* (The world must heal itself through the German way of life.) There is no actual dearth of professors: the members of the German University of Prague, professors of German origin from Poland and Hungary and Yugoslavia and Rumania are there . . . waiting for some grammar school appointment. The professors from the German Symphony Orchestra of Prague were more fortunate: they are touring the country as the Philharmonic Society of Bamberg, a town which was spared from air raids.

It seems to me that large masses of Germans believe in only one spiritual force, and that is the forgetfulness and dream atmosphere of music. None of their books, essays, great sermons speak about the future; they have to heal the present and the past. In such an atmosphere it is more than understandable why music becomes a more intimate and real part of life than the perspectives of a gloomy future. In normal times, a nation or community of people are able to look upon some ideals and heroes of their recent or remote past. Now, German schoolbooks have to be all revised and reedited and thousands of schoolchildren do not go to school because of the necessity for this sudden switch. When they do go, they have to write down the new lectures of their teachers. And who are the heroes that remain? It is not easy even for the most separatist Bavarians to find independent great figures, except perhaps Tilly, who is buried in Altoetting. Should Thuringia, Wurttemberg and Rheinland find their own heroes? It would be rather difficult to popularize the little princes as national idols of their former countries, and if we go along that path very far we may arrive at some, like the Great Elector, whose biography is on the Nazi list, and who figures in the minds of hundreds of thousands as a proper predecessor of Hitler. Nations, besides their civic heroes, like their military past. As yet, this cannot be canceled from human nature. Thus it will become the duty of future German teachers to reinstall Charlemagne and Eugene of Savoy in their *real* positions. The Wilhelminian and Nazi periods are too close to use in demonstrating to the people that Goethe *did not want* Hitler, and that the poet, Eichendorff, would *not* have become enthusiastic about Goebbels. Thomas Mann is known here and there, of course, but not fully accepted. Of late he has many times been publicly attacked, and his pre-World War I statements quoted against him, but his later work and really great novels have not received the attention and following that could be expected.

Very few heroes have been found in history to fit the present German need: they might incite the masses to a German "mission," and the Occupying Powers feel that a German mission could very easily be misinterpreted. So Germany has turned to its death. Death in two World Wars is the leader of this tragic and strange people, winding along in sinister procession after their ghostly soldiers.

If the German looks inward now, he finds no peace of mind and no prettified antique ideals. These have mostly been mistreated, used up. It is true that a certain kind of nationalism could be sold in Germany again, but not for purposes of glory nor to improve the future. There is no more of that joyous patriotic feeling about "my country"; there is no flag and there are no soldiers to be proud of. The nationalism at the present moment is nothing else than self-pity—"that all this could happen to us." If it is not strictly self-pity, it is resentment, or simply a weapon to fight with for a materially better lot and for the abolition of the rationing system which has ruled now for over ten years. Kurt Schuhmacher, the Social Democratic leader, is one of the most popular figures in Germany, not because of his socialist views but because this one-armed man, officer of the first World War, who spent ten years in Nazi concentration camps, shouts to the world what the little man in the street does not dare to say. For the same reason, Herr Semler, the former Economics Chief in the Bizonal Administration, became second in popularity. Semler, a Christian Democrat from Bavaria, told an open meeting that the Americans are sending only chicken feed to Germany.

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The faith of the average German these days is a desperate faith in the God of Mercy. The average German's life is full of fear and uncertainty. He knows one thing now and this one *"Erkentniss"* is sufficient to make him shudder. He knows that in an eventual new war Germany will be even more utterly destroyed, and all the

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terror revives in him and creates a panicky atmosphere whenever an airplane rumbles through the air. Because the most genuine and still the most important feeling in Germany is fear, the safest place for the German is in church. I remember well, after the advent of Hitler in 1933 when Georg Moenius, editor of the *Allgemeine Rundschau* in Munich (later he had to escape from the regime), wrote in his magazine about *religio depopulata*. Even in deeply Catholic Bavaria, churches were empty in 1933 and the youth obeyed the gods of *Kraft durch Freude*. Now, we could say, "religio *re*populata." I think the situation has changed so deeply that there is hardly to be found an areligious person in all present day Germany. The Church has become again the original, primitive center of community life; everything once more starts and winds up in the Church. The greatest welfare organizations are governed by the Catholic and the different Protestant Churches. I was surprised when I did not have to submit too often to abstract philosophical and theological treatments from the pulpits, and I did not hear too often those endless directives about how to organize half a dozen parochial associations as was the case before Nazism—without, indeed, results. Most of the priests preach *the Gospel* and speak about *love* and *charity*. These sermons very often touch upon the Jewish problem. The individual German, unless a former member of the SS or one of its fellow-travelers, feels guilty for this evil of Hitlerism. When, in 1946, the *"Schuldfrage"* was debated in all the zones all over Germany, Protestant and Catholic ministers and priests had to explain and explain day and night these questions of guilt . . . What are we to do with this returned soldier from a Russian prisoner of war camp, with only one leg, who was not a Party member, who presents himself to us because he "wants to bear his share of the guilt"?

These are all spiritual forces, of course, but static and not dynamic forces, because Germany is in a certain stage of passive and nerveless expectancy. Morever, if there is a feeling of guilt and shame because of the millions of Jews, still no German understands and can understand why Germany should pay reparations. When the world recites the massacres organized by Himmler and enumerates the German concentration camps and the well-known facts about German occupation and the policy of the diplomats, then the average German pulls out the photograph of his dead son or father and enumerates the dead in the war and those in the Soviet camps, the millions of refugees from the eastern zones, the territories taken away by the Poles, the "inexplicable" expulsions of the Sudetens and so on. Except for that felt toward the Jews, there is no sense of guilt for any evil of the past régime. On the contrary, Germans are let down: they are more greatly disappointed than in 1919. The outside world did not know about the process of alienation between régime and people progressing during the war years. As a result of that alienation, the Allied Armies, particularly the American and the British, were expected by a great majority as liberators. Strangely enough for ones who think a people are not composed of human persons, this people of theories and controversies expected love and charity from the victors. There is a kind of German cooperation evidenced everywhere, and it will be even more pronounced when the new Western Federation starts to work, but this is only physical and material cooperation. Another kind has not started yet to develop from the depth of disappointment. Some of the most intelligent German politicians have finally understood, however, what Hitler did not understand, that it is not in Germany's interest to fight wars. They now know well that it was not only Austria or Hungary or Poland which were the great filters between East and West, but the German land and the German speaking tribes from the Baltic to the Adriatic. This explains the Germans' disillusionment.

All this, perhaps, is in a state of flux. Not even the question of authority, which is as important in any state as it is in Germany, has yet been settled. The unification of a people or a nation does not necessarily mean subjection to a dictatorship. After the "democratically" constructed authority of Hitler—for he was upheld by a majority —no new democratic authority has as yet been built. The present authority is imposed by force. The elections are free and democratic, but while the occupation lasts, the authority is not their own. The Churches, very intelligently, do not want to impose in authoritarian fashion. If the venerable figure of a Faulhaber or Preysing imposes authority, this is due to their personality. Real authority in Germany comes exclusively from *"Schoepferische Menschen"*—creative personalities.

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These creative forces already exist in Germany, and although hindered every sort of way in their development, they are becoming stronger and stronger. Writers, musicians, artists and actors again consider their "work" as a divine service, and their life is, after that of the refugees, the most difficult. Since the complete destruction of Germany's urban life, the writer or artist lives in the country. Many of them refuse to work too much unless presented with coffee or cigarettes or other food products. This is not corruption, not even self-preservation; this is simply the urge to get out of the killing monotony of their everyday existence. You meet the writer in a little

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Bauernhaus somewhere between the Elbe and the Rhine. His life has nothing to do with the bucolic. From time to time he must go to the village or the nearest ruin-city; otherwise he could die of hunger. No large opus has yet appeared in post-war Germany (which may be considered a sign that few people were doing hidden work during Hitler), but many are in the mill. What the writers are producing is not always visible, but their attitude toward the world is different from the mass and different from pre-war Germany. One of their great handicaps and tragedies is that they are so cut off from the non-German world. No foreign books or magazines are generally available in Germany, and the creative person just does not want to go to the American Library where he has to read the thing on the spot. Some of them, of course, have been invited to Switzerland and Italy and to PEN Club congresses, and André Gide and a few others have given speeches in Munich to German youth. But their own people do not yet really understand them. They must be very careful with criticism because blackmail and threatening letters are routine.

On the other hand, if anybody wants to enjoy good theatrical production or excellent music, he can go again to Germany. Last year Berlin had something to offer; now Hamburg, Munich and Duesseldorff are in the first line. Small companies, traveling groups, experimental theaters are working even in small cities and in ice-cold village barns. But sometimes the theaters must be closed because one actor after another in the opera or in the *Schauspielhaus* (as at Munich) has fainted on the stage because of undernourishment. The creative men are trying to create the spiritual atmosphere which is needed to make Germany and the Germans normal again.

Unfortunately, in the Russian Zone, the existing free spiritual workers are silenced, or, if they are allowed to work at all, they are subject to the exclusively Soviet and Russian literary production. In the British Zone there is no special tendency, except that it is evident the British are eager to let them know the British point of view. The French, with all their magnificent publications, exercise a certain kind of benevolent censorship. The German in the US Zone is fundamentally left alone. His contact with Americans at the beginning was casual. Individual Americans and Germans of the same opinion or the same background eventually got together, and such contacts and friendships are more fruitful than any organized propaganda. The "creative German" has more admiration for and confidence in those Americans who approach him in this way than in anybody else. He knows that the US is the only solution.

But this does not settle the problem. The "creative man" is a member of the same society which experienced the tragedy and the hopeless defeat; he cannot preach without having an audience; and besides that, the creative person would like to become a normal human being without hating any nation—not even his own. In this there is now proof that World War II was a direct continuation of World War I. Theodor Haecker's and Karl Kraus's complaints, sorrows and suggestions are as valid now as they were after 1919—with the difference that now for guilty or innocent, for former concentration inmate or SS man, for Christian and Jew alike, the totalitarian war has brought cosmic defeat and the cosmic defeat has brought cosmic misery. Theodor Haecker, the Catholic, loved his people with a natural, unsensational family love, as everybody loves his children and parents. Karl Kraus, the violent, Viennese-born Socialist, the hater of all narrow-minded, Wilhelminian petit bourgeois, loved the same way. Both were ashamed to belong to the community they belonged to and wanted to teach, caress, or annihilate it. This is what the surviving people of the older generation of creative workers and those of middle age are doing now. The young either become nihilistic—more than any communist could dream of—or fight desperately not to lose all trace of faith in the future.

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No solution will come without the interior help of the Germans themselves. If this is true, then the next step is to put every German in the conditions required by natural law. If the conditions were more or less the same in Germany as in the rest of Europe, there would be some hope that the people between the Russians and the West would recover. In seeking this, there is no difference between the former nazi who has received his punishment and the Jewish or Christian concentration camp inmate. Eugene Kogon, a former Austrian who spent eight years in Buchenwald and was saved by "miracles," is fighting any form of totalitarianism, and is one of the most ardent representatives of those seeking this natural equality. There are issues upon which his *Frankfurter Hefte* agrees with the roughest judgments of the masses.

The most important is the issue of starvation. It is still the question everywhere, physical, moral and spiritual starvation. There is little issue here with the victorious powers, because there is no lack of understanding in the foreign ministries of the West that Germany still has sixty million inhabitants—and that a vacuum cannot and will not remain a vacuum too long. All the dominant factors in the life they see—the starvation; the spiritual and moral as well as the material autarchy; the feeling of guilt, and the

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actual, existent guilt itself; the gigantic destruction of not one city, but hundreds; the long lasting military occupation (which, compared with the German military occupation is a soft kindergarten, but is still occupation); the absorption of everybody, from criminal to creator, in the pettiest problems of life—all these continue to maintain conditions which in a human body would lead to cancer.

Maybe the partition of Germany will stop this process. The Germans themselves have little hope for that. "Every great spirit," a man told me while we were discussing these things in the magnificent Cathedral of Ulm, "everyone who has arisen out of our masses, at the end has despised and hated us, because we were not human enough. But now finally, after the detour of Hitler, we have caught up with them. We are so defeated that we will either remain eternally unimportant outcasts, or else the suffering will make us at length human. I have only one last fear. Perhaps we have missed the boat once again. Will it pay to become human right now?

To the Immaculate Virgin, on a Winter Night

Lady, the night is falling and the dark
Steals all the blood from the scarred west.
The stars come out and freeze my heart
With drops of untouchable music, frail as ice
And bitter as the new year's cross.

Where in the world has any voice
Prayed to you, Lady, for the peace that's in your power?
In a day of blood and many beatings
I see the governments rise up, behind the steel horizon,
And take their weapons and begin to kill.

Where in the world has any city trusted you?
Out where the soldiers camp the guns begin to thump
And another winter comes down
To seal our years in ice.
The last train cries out
And runs in terror from this farmers' valley
Where all the little birds are dead.

The roads are white, the fields are mute
There are no voices in the wood
And trees make gallows up against the sharp-eyed stars.
Oh where will Christ be killed again
In the land of these dead men?

Lady, the night has got us by the heart
And the whole world is tumbling down.
Words turn to ice in my throat
For I pray for a land without prayer,

Walking to you on water all winter
In a year that wants more war.

THOMAS MERTON.

Communications

FELIX CULPA?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I read with some unease Mr. Evelyn Waugh's review of Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter." The gelid Waugh has obviously been pierced by us in the United States. The snobbery remains.

Surely it is not demonstrable that "only Catholics can understand the nature of the problem" posed by Mr. Greene. Lionel Trilling has understood it, and so has Henry Morton Robinson. Surely the English pre-convert Newman would have understood it, and to think that Reinhold Niebuhr cannot understand it is silly.

Part of the problem is the lack of trust in one's relation with God. That problem always existed for spiritual men. Whether the Book of the Month will bring it to readers "who cannot profit by it" I do not know—and neither does Mr. Waugh. Mr. Waugh does not profit by it, it would seem, since he rejects its central problem.

And it seems to me effrontery to say that "heathens" reading it will be unaware that "they are intruding among the innermost mysteries of the faith."

I suppose Helen Rolt a "heathen" in this sense, but Major Scobie did not keep his religion nor its seeming difficulties from her whom he apparently loved. Christ did not found a theology. He founded a faith whose "burden is sweet and whose yoke is light." It is that sentence, it seems to me, which gives meaning to the greater one: "Come to Me all ye who are heavily burdened." The tragedy of Major Scobie is that he was not sure of that. But no man in reading about Major Scobie is "intruding" on anything.

Nor does it seem to me accurate to say that Major Scobie willed his "own damnation for the love of God." Graham Greene's book is full of symbols: on the very first page the vulture flaps and broods and waits. And if Scobie can be regarded as an *alter Christus* he willed his own damnation, loving God, for the love of men—in this case his mistress and his wife, and, perhaps, the murdered Ali. It is his unwillingness to give pain to another which accounts for his sacrilege at Communion.

Mr. Waugh is chilled by the carnality of his relations with Helen. He accounts for it by both the highest and the lowest motives. On the former basis he has Scobie assume "the prerogations of providence;" and on the baser merely Freddy Bagster. But Major Scobie is not doing mathematics, and the carnality originates in a wider world than Mr. Waugh observes.

Mr. Waugh holds that Scobie was "schooled in chastity." But all signs show his failing love for his wife. He notes, for the first time in fifteen years, the physical beauty of a black woman. Passion, combined with pity, has been long contained. He feels responsible for Helen. And to put it bluntly Helen is "on the make."

The motives here, as always, are mixed. And as Graham Greene puts it, both, perhaps, were caught "by the camouflage of an enemy who works in terms of friendship, trust and pity." It is, I think, Mr. Waugh's haste to condemn

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which blocks understanding. And it measures the distance between him and Mr. Greene as a novelist.

In any event, to tear at the context this way is to spoil. The fundamental fact is that Scobie's weakness stems from pity and desire for peace. What is important is less the manner of his sinning than his sense of guilt: his feeling that his personal responsibility cannot be shifted from himself to God. For it is this that urges him to his peculiar death.

It is an odd way Mr. Greene has chosen, I think, to say to us in this atomic and impersonal world that each of us must live out his own personal cycle, responsibly, in his own way. Odd, that is, to choose this seemingly little man who is shouldered out of preferment by the arrogant, the maneuvering, and the strong. For is not Mr. Greene saying again, in a richly ironic way: What doth it profit a man?

FRANCIS DOWNING.

THE TABLOIDS

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editors: The story and editorial on "Tabloids" in your issue of July 2 interested me much. Your editorial writer tells us that it is the function of tabloids to "force us to know" and to "force us to care." "They go where proper persons do not venture: they look at things which we prefer not to see."

The ideal is there. What your editorial writer fails to note is that most tabloids (I would say every one except for the fact that I have not seen all of them) do not fulfil that function. Yes, they go where proper persons do not venture, they look at things we prefer not to see, they force us to know but they do *not force us to care.* In fact their manner of reporting does the exact opposite. Their picturing of the murderer not only reminds us that he looks "like anybody else" but it also tends to give the impression that if this man could commit murder, murder itself cannot be so bad. I remember from school days:

> Vice is a monster of so frightful a mien
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

I believe that comes from Pope but I cannot check. Please give proper credit if you publish this note.

B. E.

The cultivated member of our staff is on vacation, so that we will simply give credit to Pope. If it should happen that W. H. Auden wrote the lines, that is just too bad. As for compelling people to care, an editorial writer by definition knows that it is impossible to do so.—THE EDITORS.

SOME RECENT APPEALS

ONE OF OUR readers from California calls attention to the heroic work of a young French Abbé in the communist-dominated slums of Paris. He is mostly in need of funds to buy for the children he is aiding two American army barracks. He can be addressed: Abbé Barbarit, 29 Avenue Raspail, Gentilly, Seine, France.

Rev. James O'Loughlen, 148 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y., continues to collect funds for the Pope's Children War Relief, which is active in a number of European countries. Miss Doris Ann Doran of Providence, who through her own efforts has shipped many tons of supplies to Europe in the past three years, appeals for things for a number of needy religious houses in Germany and Austria. All sorts of food, clothing, shoes and the like may be sent to her at 221 Morris Avenue, Providence 6, R. I.

We have appeals for packages for the following:

Dr. Hans Sperr
Ambach am Starnberger See
American Zone
Germany

Dr. Gustav Rene Hocke
Leutstettner Str. 4
Starnberg/Oberbayern
American Zone
Germany

Dr. Ferenc Bihari
Cedrus utea 5/b
Budapest XII
Hungary

Madame Gisela Gaal
Lederergasse 18/6
Vienna VIII
Austria

Rev. Carl Spichal of Eckernförder, Allee 41, Kiel 24b, Germany, appeals for his parish, many of whom are fugitives from Eastern Germany, and says that leather shoes are the most needed of all.

The War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference reports that in the first four months of 1948 it sent out 64,465,517 pounds of food stuffs, clothing and medicines to 21 countries in Europe and the Far East. (NCWC, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.) Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe (CARE), of 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y., now has instituted service to Japan, with a special $10 Oriental food package. It reports that "more than half the people in Europe still don't get enough to eat. It also reports that its $10 food and clothing packages are now deliverable in the Russian-occupied zones of Germany. Save a Friend in Europe, Inc. (SAFE), of 40 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y., which has specialized in making $10 food packages available in Germany and Austria within a week of receiving an order, now announces that it has stockpiles in Paris and London too.

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Catholic Scholarships for Negroes, Inc., of 216 Central Street, Springfield 5, Mass., which was organized last year under the patronage of Archbishop Cushing of Boston, announces that this fall twenty-three students "will enter Catholic institutions of higher learning under our auspices." The organization currently seeks funds to make more scholarships available for students of talent.

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The Stage & Screen

Note from Yaddo

CANADA LEE has been playing Othello here at the Spa Theatre in Saratoga, and since there is noise of a Broadway run, the show is worth discussion. I write *discussion* advisedly as I honestly don't think the summer theater business ought to draw the ordinary, objectively critical review. Or (it's probably safer to say) I do not honestly feel capable of delivering such a review. I think for almost any country audience there are so many intriguing additions to the play: there are the landscape, the weathers, the moon; there is the drive; there is the architecture or non-architecture of the house; and very often there is nostalgia to be experienced as well as discovery. I had better admit to the nostalgia at once. Saratoga—the town of trees—has far more than its simple history for me, although indeed the simple would be enough. The town is so thoroughly built: all of the houses on the streets seem to match, and the towering woodenness of its last great hotel (Grand Union) feels entirely suited to the dress and deportment of its heyday at the start of the century. And for me there is the added cling of the place having been a family rumor ever since I can remember: attached to anecdotes, old journals, and even to pictures of my avuncular tribe. And add again that it is here (at Yaddo) that I have been able to work exactly as I please; it was here I spent Hiroshima and V-J day; and it was here, out of browned-out New York, that I suddenly realized the absolute excellence of street lights through trees, with aching recollections of unbombed, unbuzzed London. Somehow or other, it seems as though all these details ought to accumulate to a good, if prejudiced, setting for the listening to a summer Shakespeare.

And I think the particular summer setting is also good. The Theatre is done in the same unobstrusive brick as the rest of the official Spa buildings. It is comfortable, well arranged for sight-lines, and looks to have a workable stage. It is true at the corners (naturally I prowled them all), it has an echo, which I underline for the sake of the managers' attention. The physical set-up is too good to allow for this gnawing distraction, and of course (I'm sorry), even Shakespeare should not repeat.

To reach the production, there's not much question that Mr. Lee has been, and will be, harassed by comparisons with the Robeson Othello, lately interpreted by Margaret Webster, and running a good time on the Street and road. I think the comparison is small. It will lie between a practiced and a promoted actor, and Mr. Lee has not only the advantage of experience, he has also a dynamic: one feels he likes to learn between rôles. For this especial Shakespeare, however, he has two chief problems: one will be diction—he has no consonants and without consonants there is no spoken English verse; and second, he has been rooted by his present director to a spotlight and to no motion at all. This makes again a half-Othello: an attack where the giant crumble of a General Of Men is quite wonderfully, movingly played; and where the primary Soldier never appears at all. This is foolish; and all the more foolish in that I think this actor could honestly handle panoply: he has the presence for it and I think he has the speed. All he needs, I judge, is a costume allowing him to move—to enter and stride—plus authentic, keen, even delaying military business. And the space for this. The play's fable, after all, computes a descent into death: from the victor to the husband to the fool. Mr. Lee's Othello grasps the fool surely, but he has not been able to present the victor so well. Nevertheless, given direction and any kind of spacious design, I do think he can *act* the whole, and so justify his final, terrible, strewn stage.

For a summer view, I thought the company very good. For a possible Broadway view, Wesley Addy's Iago seemed potential; Ernest Graves's Cassio the best I have seen; and Claire Luce's Desdemona somewhat Britishly careless, although she died the death beautifully, and clearly enough for the audience to see and hear all.

I shall hope to see this again.

KAPPO PHELAN.

To Whom It May Concern

THE FUN in funny movies, like everything else in the entertainment field, depends on you and what you bring to them. One man's joke may be another man's pain in the neck; so, while some of the comedies reviewed here won an occasional giggle from me, they may leave you cold—a state perhaps to be enjoyed in this season of heat and humidity.

Audiences are laughing their heads off over *"A Foreign Affair,"* the new Brackett and Wilder film which is indeed a thing of great wit, funny lines and hilarious situations. I hope these audiences are also aware that the piece is also on the shady side, for while we go into stitches watching Congresswoman Jean Arthur investigating the morale of American troops in Germany, we must realize that there is something rotten in the former nazi state. Although our military officers admit rather casually that "some of our boys may get out of line sometimes," they seem to overlook that one of our captains (John Lund) is stepping quite far out of line in his "foreign affair" with the ex-nazi night club singer (Marlene Dietrich) who knows full well where her nylons are coming from. This singer also knows what our boys want, and she gives it to them when she sings in her distinctive style such racy songs as "Black Market." The performances in this picture which Billy Wilder has directed so well are excellent. Miss Dietrich is indeed a "gorgeous booby trap," and Lund is appropriately manly and bluff as the booby who falls for her wiles—until the prim Congresswoman Arthur teaches him that a Republican can be as moral as a Boy Scout and still be womanly enough to win her man away from a seductress. Because the dialogue is so amazingly frank in its discussions about what men are made of, you'd better be careful about taking your shockable aunt to it—but it would be a shame for even her to miss the riotous scene in which indignant Jean Arthur is picked up by a couple of GIs who mistake her for a fraulein.

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Audiences who prefer their comedies so naïve that they seem to be designed for children may get a laugh out of *"Mickey."* To me it seemed so stodgy that it never worked up enough interest to win either a laugh or a sob. Its heroine is a tomboy who suddenly realizes that she's growing up and would rather be a girl. In the title rôle, newcomer Lois Butler tackles the problems of adolescence in a stylized fashion that may remind you of anachronistic imitations of Mary Pickford or Mabel Normand who used to do this sort of thing some thirty years ago. Their efforts to be cute may have been acceptable then. Miss Butler's are pathetic. No doubt she did what Director Ralph Murphy told her to, so it isn't fair to blame her for these feeble attempts at comedy and poignancy.

"A Date With Judy" also handles problems of adolescence, but everything is done on a big scale in this full, overblown technicolor opus. What should have been a little story on perhaps a half-hour radio program has been smothered in production, cast, class and opulence until its smalltown size has about as much folksiness as the Grand Central Station. The film's greatest charm lies in its two young ladies: Jane Powell as the teenager who thinks she's in love with the handsome drugstore clerk (Robert Stack), and Elizabeth Taylor as a neglected poor-little-rich-adolescent. As Jane's parents, Wallace Berry and Selena Royle manage to introduce a few amusing homey touches; and Jane, singly and with the help of the rest of the cast, puts over several good songs. The picture's liveliest scenes are built around Carmen Miranda—who does not portray an adolescent. Perhaps the main trouble with all these films about youngsters is that they discover so dramatically that sixteen-year-olds act like sixteen-year-olds.

If your idea of a good comedy is something fast, rowdy and kidding, then *"Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein"* could be your answer. The comedians do their same old slapstick stuff, do it well and seem to have a lot of fun in spite of all the macabre things that happen. Not content with one horror, they are chased by Frankenstein's monster, Dracula *and* a wolf man. Bud and Lou make the most of this triple threat; and their director doesn't let you miss an expected laugh or thrill. If you go for gruesome fun, you'll probably laugh yourself sick when one of these horrible creations knocks out fat little Lou Costello and says, "Let's take him to the cellar where we can dispose of all the bodies at once."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

"Almost"

PIERRE CONWAY

EVELYN WAUGH, in his review of Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter," has reduced its problem back to the words of Péguy: *"Littéralement, celui qui est pécheur . . . est déjà chrétien, est en cela même chrétien. On pourrait presque dire est un bon chrétien."* His own summation might be reduced to the following sentences: "Does 'literally' mean that any and every sinner is by virtue of his sin a Christian? . . . How does one 'almost' say something?" The urgency of an answer is expressed by Mr. Waugh thus: "This is not a matter for quibbling. If Péguy is saying anything at all, he is saying something very startling and something which people seem to find increasingly important."

"He who is a sinner is already a Christian, is by that very fact a Christian." The words would be qualified as follows according to the doctrine of Saint Thomas: First, all men are *called* to be Christians. Secondly, he who is a sinner is *already* a Christian, if he has, previous to his sin, turned to God some time after reaching the use of reason and thereby received the baptism of desire; if he has not yet done so, he is a sinner, but—although ordained to be a Christian—*not yet* a Christian.

What of the words, "One might almost say a good Christian?" Mr. Waugh takes exception to the word "almost." "How does one 'almost' say something?" For Mr. Waugh, Péguy should either say it, or not say it. But possibly the word "almost" is not without its true significance. Why is it that Péguy feels he can "almost" say that to be a sinner is to be a good Christian? It is no doubt because that is "almost" true. It is almost true, not in the sense of being a half-truth, because then it would be wrong. But it is almost true in the dynamic, actual sense of being a movement towards the truth, a movement that is "almost" there.

Does it follow from this that subsequent to the recognition of sin, one inevitably becomes a Christian, "one might almost say, a good Christian?" The step is not inevitable, but for a sinner it is, in retrospect, indispensable. Thus, although it is through the grace of God alone, through the merits of Christ, that one actually becomes a Christian, nevertheless this grace does not descend upon one who is not disposed for it. The reception of graces presupposes a gradual (although it can be instantaneous, if God so wishes, as in the case of Saint Paul and Saint Mary Magdalen) transformation in which one first comes to recognize in the sinful act that which is formal in it, namely, the turning away from God. Then, having come to distinguish the two elements in sin, the personal gratification and the aversion from God, the attention must be gradually shifted from the element of gratification to the element of offense to God. If the motion continues, the sinner will recede entirely from that which was originally the center of attraction, the personal gratification, and turn completely toward God.

The conversion of Saint Augustine illustrates this very well. At first he was completely engrossed in his pleasures, then, little by little he became attracted by the beauty of wisdom, eventually perceiving the incompatibility of the two things which drew him, pleasure and the beauty of God. It was by the final recognition of this incompatibility that he clearly saw himself to be a sinner, one who pursued a lesser good at the expense of the supreme good. He knew he was a sinner because he had already begun to turn toward God, and it was the ever growing realization of God which made his sins seem progressively more detestable, more sinful.

In his motion toward God, the first step was thus the

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recognition of himself as a sinner. By seeing himself clearly as a sinner, as evil, he had already begun to move away from sin. He was "almost" a Christian, almost a good Christian, for this was the beginning of the long struggle, which was not something static, but a real motion toward God. In it the receding from sin was evident by his ever growing detestation of it and his approach to God by his ever growing love of God. The term of that motion was his becoming a Christian, and a good Christian.

"The justification of the sinner is a certain *motion* by which the human mind is moved by God from the state of sin to the state of justice. . . . Whence it is necessary that the human mind, when it is to be justified, should, by the motion of free will, recede from sin and move toward justice. Recession and accession in the motion of the free will are to be understood in the sense of detestation and desire. For Saint Augustine says . . . : 'Our affections are the motions of our souls.'" (*S.T.*, I-II, q. 113, a. 5.) Thus the recognition of oneself as a sinner, as something evil and consequently undesirable, is already a recoiling from sin, a first disposition toward a movement toward God. "If anyone should say that the sinner is justified by faith alone, meaning that nothing else is required in order to cooperate in the attainment of the grace of justification, and that in no way is it necessary for him to be prepared and disposed by the motion of his own will; let him be anathema." (Council of Trent, Sess. VI, Can. 9.) Since, before a person can be actually a Christian, he must first *move* toward that term, it is true to say in this sense that, before one can become a Christian, one must be "almost" a Christian, and that the sinner who has begun to recognize his sin and detest it, is, in this sense, almost a Christian, and, in the case of men like Saint Augustine, almost a good Christian.

But why must this motion precede? ". . . God moves man to justice according to the condition of human nature. Man, by his proper nature, has the faculty of free will. Therefore in him who has the use of free will, God does not cause the motion toward justice, without the motion of free will. . . ." (*S.T.*, I-II, q. 113, a. 3.) But the motion goes even deeper than that, down to the very roots of all nature. By his very being which he shares with all created things, man loves God more than himself, and therefore by his very being he is impelled toward God. Thus, even if a man deliberately intends to have nothing to do with God, to remain far from Him, that state is not stable or crystallized, since in the very roots of his being there is a real and constant pull toward God. ". . . We can receive a twofold good from God: the good of nature and the good of grace. Upon the communication of natural good made to us by God there is founded a *natural love* whereby not only does man in the integrity of his nature *love God above all things and more than himself,* but also every creature in its own way . . . since every part naturally loves more the common good of the whole than its own particular good. . . . And therefore out of charity a man should love God more, who is the common good of all, than himself." (*S.T.*, II-II, q. 26, a. 3.) Love is "the principle of the motion tending toward the loved end." (*S.T.*, I-II, q. 26, a. 1.) The natural love of God is in man by the very fact that he exists and this love is a constantly impelling force. Just as no man in this life can be said to be completely confirmed in grace, immovable in grace, so likewise can no man be said to be confirmed in evil—since despite his own will he is constantly impelled toward God. He can never attain a complete equilibrium away from God, he is constantly off balance. He can never be immobile in evil.

Here one might return to Mr. Waugh himself. In his satirical novels he might be said to immobilize his characters. They do not evolve. The character in "Scoop" who is suddenly torn from his calm compilation of "Lush Places" in the beginning of the book, returns, in the end of the book, after all sorts of adventures, in exactly the same state where he began, still the same man. Obviously, if one wants a clear image, one that is not blurred, and that seems to be Mr. Waugh's peculiar talent, one must stop the motion, immobilize the subject. Mr. Powers, in his review of "The Loved One," says as much: "He realizes he cannot go into everything, every reaction, without dulling the finish, losing his edge. He does not attempt the impossible to him, to his method. . . ."

The whole of Newtonian science is built up upon a like tactic: a moving body is conveniently said to be at such and such a point at such and such an instant. It is thus immobilized and can be accurately measured. But experimental science has established today that such a conception is an illusion. It is impossible to measure a moving body at a given point. There is no such thing as a clear-cut immobile silhouette at a given point in a motion, and this has led to the principle of indeterminism. Aristotle had already proved this long since when he demonstrated that there are no points in motion.

Thus too, in human life, which with all creation is in motion toward the God from which it came, the static picture, the presence in a point, while achieving clearness and consciseness, is not true. The true picture is the picture which expresses motion. How can it be expressed? It cannot be arrested in its course without denying the motion which is essential to it. It can only be expressed as a state of being in which one has left one term behind, is no longer in that state, and is tending toward a term which one has not yet reached, which has not been attained. It is true that the picture is no longer quite so clear. All that one can say of the subject is that he is no longer what he was, nor is yet what he may some day be. Yet such a picture is deeply gratifying to us, since we are essentially in motion. That is why there is nothing that so depresses us as a state of immobility, of terminated motion, as in the case of those who seem to have ceased to evolve, who are immobile. It is because we innately know that the motion of human life cannot terminate before the attainment of God, and that any such premature immobility is an illusion—and a tragic one.

That is why "Brideshead Revisited" achieves some-

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thing which the satirical novels of Mr. Waugh do not achieve. It is truer because its characters are in motion, with the deep motion of human life. It is satisfying because even when one has closed the book after the last page, one feels that the story is not ended, that it is still in motion and therefore more closely depicts the reality of human life with all its ultimate optimism.

Mr. Waugh asks, "How does one 'almost' say something?" Obviously one cannot "almost" say something in the sense of a static statement or fact being one thing and simultaneously something different. It is either true or false, either one thing or the other. A man is either a sinner or a good Christian, he cannot be both simultaneously. But he *can* be both if he is in a state of movement from one to the other. A sinner who has begun to recede from his sin and move toward God, although he is still a sinner, nevertheless is also "almost" a good Christian inasmuch as he is on his way. He has taken the first step which, if he perseveres, will inevitably lead him to be a good Christian.

As "Brideshead Revisited" draws to a close, Julia has already receded from her sin, which can only be because she is drawn, however obscurely, by God; the Captain, as he gazes at the flickering sanctuary lamp, has already begun to discern that hitherto unrealized element in sin which is the contemning of an infinite divine love, and which is the primordial step in turning toward God. Has not Mr. Waugh answered his own question? Does not the motion toward God upon which "Brideshead Revisited" ends, and in virtue of which it captures the very essence of human destiny, lead one to feel that Julia and the Captain, although still sinners, are *almost* good Christians?

Martin Buber

ANNE FREMANTLE

IT IS HIGH time that Dr. Martin Buber's collected works were published in English, in this country, and in a uniform edition. The world has few enough philosophers, God knows, and to neglect one of its greatest is idiotic. Dr. Buber's "I and Thou," published in Edinburgh in 1937, has long been out of print, and is now exceedingly hard to come by; "Between Man and Man" which may be considered a development of "I and Thou" and an application of the *"dialogical"* terms of reference to the concrete problems of contemporary society, was at last published here this spring by Macmillan. But the deeply significant collection of essays in religion, "Mamre" published in Melbourne in 1946, has not yet appeared here; nor has there been published anywhere in English the much-needed translation of Dr. Hans Cohn's admirable life of Buber, put out in Germany in 1930 by Jacob Hegner, and entitled *"Martin Buber: Sein Werk und Seine Zeit."* Schocken Books have recently offered a most attractive, but far too slim, selection of Dr. Buber's Hasidic axioms, called "Ten Rungs," but these sporadic publications, so removed in time and space, are ridiculous hors d'oeuvres to the feast the English-speaking world should be enjoying. Today, when the fate of Israel is become once more the front page of the whole world, it is surely valuable to hear what the professor of Social Philosophy at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem has said, and is saying. Yet, even filtered into such trickling channels, he has had immense influence upon such diverse thinkers as the late L. H. Myers, Denis de Rougement, Father d'Arcy, Eric Przywara, Arnold Zweig, and Paul Tillich.

If God is the reality Whom our flashlights illumine, Dr. Buber says, then it is He of the oaks at Mamre. Buber is interested only in thought as it leads to action. He writes, as Greta Hort has put it, "neither philosophy, which shatters the unity by insisting on the dichotomy of intellect and will, of rational and non-rational; nor theology, which reduces the unity by making God a being about whom man thinks and about whom the intellect alone can make true statements. The only valid name which we can give to Dr. Buber's writing is teaching. He does not write about religion, because what he writes is religion, and the demand he makes is that of religion, "Seeking in all things first the glory." Dr. Buber's teaching serves as corrective to all who see man's nature as prone to mischief. On the contrary, he declares, because of He Who throws, man is a boomerang that must return to the Hand of the Thrower. We are so stunned still by the reality of the Incarnation, that, since Saint Thomas, since the "Summa Contra Gentiles," we have mightily neglected the Creation, and Dr. Buber, for whom our existence as creatures is the most important fact about us, supplies useful counterbalance. We are compelled, he declares, only when we are outside the dialogue: within our creature relationship we are wholly free: and in whatever he writes he is in reality turning that relationship over and over, as a child turns a prism, in order to present different facets of it to the light. Since Spinoza, few philosophers have been so intoxicated by their Creator: since Augustine, few, indeed have so clearly distinguished between Him Who, in the beginning was the Word, and behold Him to Whom Mary harkened, and the Word Who was made Flesh, and behold Him Whom Martha served. "God's act of creation is speech: but also each lived moment is so. The world is spoken to the human beings, who perceive it, and the life of man is itself a dialogue. What happens to a man are the great and small, untransmittable but unmistakable signs of his being addressed; what he does and suffers can be an answer or a failure to answer." And thus the whole history of the world is a dialogue between God and His creature, a dialogue in which man is a true and legitimate partner, who is empowered and entitled to speak his independent word from out of his own being. Dr. Toynbee sees history as man's response to challenge: for Buber, that challenge is only the old, terrifying tête-a-tête on Sinai. And the Fall "did not happen once and for all to become a fate, but in all its reality it happens here and now." Every man, woman and child stands in the exact place of Adam, and the only evil is to "remain in the state of having no direction, to refuse to take the direction towards God—there is no

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other direction." Man himself is God's direction: he was created for the sake of the beginning, for the sake of man's beginning, that there might be one who would and should begin in the direction towards God."

This re-investment of man with his pre-redemptive grandeur is perhaps carried dangerously far: Dr. Buber says "we are referred to grace; but we do not do God's will when we take it upon ourselves to begin with grace instead of beginning with ourselves." This is directly Promethean: as is his shout, "God has not made tools for himself, he needs none; He has formed for himself a partner in the dialogue of time." But his explanation is orthodox enough, "we perfect our souls to God, that means that each of us who does this makes perfect *his* image, his *jechida,* his only one thing, his uniqueness as God's image." For "creation originally means only the divine summons to life hidden in non-being."

★

But perhaps Buber is of the greatest assistance to us when, in "Between Man and Man," he leads us out of the Hegelian *ersatz*. Hegel's system is, he says, the third great attempt at security builded within western thought —the first two, being of course, those of Aristotle and Aquinas. Man, after the Copernican revolutions was alone and chilly, on an empty heath under giant stars; Hegel, logically, securely, and snugly, ensconced him in his historical house. But, paradoxically, in the thought of mankind, Hegel could not finally evade the problem of what a man is when he decides, nor Pascal's simpler query as to what, essentially, man is: "Hegel succeeded in repressing Kant's anthropological question only for a moment: in the life of man he did not overcome even for a moment the great anthropological unrest which in modern times is first expressed in Pascal's question." Hegel's compulsorily combined course of history, compressed into a speculative security, proves an uninhabitable dwelling, a pre-fabricated house easily huffed and puffed down by the Marxian wolf. For Marx saw that in the Hegelian system, the eternally dispossessed proletariat alone could receive the redemptive rôle, and Buber, seeing mother-naked man faced again with the "soundless thunderings of the waves of the ether," adds that "for the most of the time we have turned off our receivers." Nor will the Gnostic answers, whether Kierkegaard's or Gerald Heard's, help, for real faith "that is, presenting ourselves and perceiving" begins when the dictionary is put down. Only, as Dr. Glazner comments, "by relating to the surrounding world as to a Thou, does man become I" and the Thou is God only in its absolute form: man, animal, plant and stone all have a part in this relatedness, this awareness. Man only becomes cognizant of being a subject, through perceiving an object.

Buber's view of the mission of Israel is that as a people it was chosen to bear witness to this understanding of reality. The only chance even today for a small people hemmed in between world powers is, he thinks, to bring about, through Zionism, a new type of Jew who would translate into the actions of his daily life the spiritual demands of Israel's heritage.

One of the most moving passages in "Between Man and Man" is where, after dismissing Kierkegaard's God as "either a demiurge, outgrown by, and suffering from, His creation, or a Saviour who is a stranger to creation, taking pity on it" (these being both Gnostic figures), Buber goes on to discuss Scheler's metaphysic, and his own relation to it. Since 1900 Buber confesses he had been under the influence of the German mystics, from Meister Eckhart to Angelus Silesius, and had come near to their theory that the primal ground of being, the impersonal godhead, came to birth in the human soul. "In this way there arose in me the thought of a realization of God through man: man appeared to me as the being through whose existence the Absolute, resting on its truth, can gain the character of reality." But this concept, he declares, has long since been destroyed in him. The essence of man, which is special to him, can be directly known only in a living relation. And now, he adds, he knows that "I possess nothing but the everyday out of which I am never taken." He concludes his inquiry into the nature of man by coming to a position closer to that of Hume than of anyone else: "we may come nearer the answer to the question what man is, when we come to see him as the eternal meeting of the One with the Other."

These conclusions, positing man as real only to others, and never to his own self (because that last relation, lacking the necessary presupposition of a true duality, cannot be regarded as "real as such") have led Dr. Buber, politically, to a decentralistic socialism for whose realization he has fought all his life.

According to Buber, constructive socialism "becomes possible only through the formation of small voluntary groups of men who not merely share the means of production, or the forces of labor, but who, as human beings, enter a direct relationship with one another, and live a life of genuine fraternity. Such a socialism would have to resist any mechanization of living. The association of such groups would have to resist the dictates of an organized center, accumulation of power, and a political, "superstructure." The focus of such groups, or cells, is not a political, but a religious motivation."

Buber's output is nothing short of staggering. Professor of the History of Religions at Frankfurt until 1937, he has since been a full-time professor at Jerusalem. His writings can be roughly divided into five groups: writings on Zionism and the Jewish mysticisms of Hasidism; philosophical and sociological studies; Biblical studies; translations; and finally, essays and addresses— these last compiled into four slender but most important volumes, dealing with his theory of relationship.

Dr. Buber is, quite certainly, Israel's most distinguished intellect, and is probably the most important living Jewish philosopher. It would be of tremendous value if this great thinker could be persuaded to visit, however briefly, these United States, to tell us more about *"haec veneranda commercia"* — the dialogic intimacy which he sees as the basis of the whole structure of the universe. But, whether we read him, or hear him, the important thing is that we should listen.

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The Labor Movement

Leave Us Face It

ONE OF the bad dreams of President Truman's administration was the time a few years back (May, 1946) when he blew his top and asked Congress for the power to draft railroad strikers into the army. The House yielded in a wave of hysteria, but the Senate held firm and the strike folded up after two days with no harm done except to Truman's reputation and the railroad worker's right to strike.

A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (independent), was able to read the tea leaves after they settled down in the wake of that particular tempest. At the time he was sore as a boil. He swore up and down that he would spend his union's money like a drunken sailor to get Harry Truman out of the White House.

But he got over it. Whitney is an intelligent man. He made his peace with Truman and when the next bargaining round arrived, he accepted the 15½ cents and the rule changes recommended by the emergency board which had been appointed by the President under the Railway Labor Act. So did most of the other railroad unions.

Whitney saw that a general railroad strike, in this peculiar day and age, has just about reached the class of luxuries that the country can no longer afford. Truman's explosion may have been extreme, but it was an expression of a natural and legitimate determination to save his country from disaster.

The other union involved in that 1946 fracas was the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, headed by Alvanley Johnston, another one of the independent brotherhoods. Brother Johnston was not as astute as Brother Whitney. Joined by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and the Switchmen's Union, AFL, Brother Johnston urged his members to refuse the 15½ cents and to hold out for more money and more rule changes.

There then followed about seven months of bargaining, hearings and strike threats. In the end Justice T. Alan Goldsborough, the injunction specialist, slapped a permanent injunction on the unions, declaring that the nation simply could not allow a railroad strike to sever the veins of its vital transportation.

So the unions bargained some more and finally accepted the original 15½ cents and, as a face-saver, exchanged one rule change for what they considered a superior one. This, mind you, was only the "second round." Already Whitney and the other unions that yielded gracefully in the beginning, refreshed by their long rest, have started bargaining for a third round. Brother Johnston and friends, exhausted by their ordeal, will need a month's vacation at least.

To put it bluntly, collective bargaining on the railroads has become a farce. Leave us face it. We now have compulsory arbitration, whether we call it that or not. With a difference. Ordinarily, in any kind of arbitration agreement, the union and the employer must agree on the arbitrator or at least on the method of selecting the arbitrator. But under the Railway Labor Act the President—whether he be pro-labor, anti-labor or indifferent—selects an emergency board when things have reached that stage, and the board hands down certain recommendations.

These recommendations, thanks to the events of May, 1946, and Judge Goldsborough's "permanent injunction" of June, 1948, have now taken on the character of final and binding awards. But neither the unions nor the operators have anything to say about the selection of the board that makes them.

The railroad unions are pretty angry. They have reason to be. Smothered by the red tape of the Railway Labor Act, the wages of railroad labor have slowly but surely descended from a top niche in the comparative standings to a spot well down on the list of American industries. The 48-hour week is still the rule. Some men work seven days a week.

Railway labor leaders are famous for their refusal to emulate their predecessor, the great and fiery Socialist, Eugene Debs. With the exception of Whitney, you could hardly find a more conservative bunch of proletarians anywhere in the world. That is why it came as something of a shock when the Railway Labor Executives Association voted unanimously to urge the US Government to pursue the logic of its policy to its last conclusion and to take over full ownership and operation.

It's an interesting thought. And worthy of serious consideration. At least it would end the pleas of poverty that now becloud the issue. There are some who maintain that the failure of government operation during World War I proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that private ownership is more efficient. But a hastily improvised system, carrying a load which was beyond anything known to American railroads at that time, seems hardly to afford a fair trial. And since those days we have learned something about how to set up big-scale enterprises from the efficient experience of TVA.

So nationalization may be the answer. There isn't much chance of getting it in the foreseeable future, but it might be part of the answer.

Part of the answer only. Because there will still be the problem of what to do when the unions and the operators, whoever they may be, don't see eye to eye. Being Anglo-Saxons mainly, the people who run America don't usually like to face up to the logic of their experience. Muddling through is not exclusively British.

But it does seem that we ought to face the fact that compulsory arbitration on the American railroads has already pulled into the station. That being so, we ought to overhaul the engine (Railway Labor Act) and see to it that both the unions and the operators have something to say about the selection of the arbitrators whose awards they are expected, in fact, to accept as final and binding.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books

Experiment In World Order. Paul McGuire. Morrow. $4.00.

THE AUTHOR says that the inspiration for this work came while he was visiting in the Middle West in the fall of 1946. He has set out to describe for the farmers of Illinois and Indiana "one major element of the order which is passing (the British Imperial system) and whose passing has brought to them and to all Americans enormous new responsibilities and dangers."

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While the author makes use of the historical approach in showing the development of the British Empire, his purpose is to analyze that system and to show the fundamental common sense behind it. From this he draws certain lessons for the United States as the leading world power. "For the United States there is today only one foreign policy that means anything. It must find expression in an Open World Economy." The British Empire kept peace and order in the world through such an economy. It was Germany's threat to this order that brought the catastrophe of 1914.

The term *British Empire* has become so fraught with emotions of hate and fear, and has supplied so many fervent political orators and demagogues in this country and elsewhere with a theme for arousing the multitudes to unthinking action that it is good to read a calm, sympathetic defense of the system. When the defense comes from the pen of a person of Irish descent it is doubly refreshing. Mr. McGuire does not proceed to show that the British system was conceived as a grand scheme of justice. It grew in haphazard fashion, unplanned and for many years neglected. In the train of its growth, however, came a realization of responsibilities for subject peoples and their material benefit. Nothing of the grandiose characterized the growth but there was plenty of unpretentious heroism displayed in the promotion of peace, order, and civilization. Grave mistakes were made in the building of empire, but the general benefits to mankind outweighed these. Mr. McGuire does not conceive of the system as disintegrating or dead. What he refers to as the Fourth Empire thrives, composed of self-governing units but all held in ties of loyalty ot the British Crown, or at least, loyalty to a politico-economic system that brings undoubted advantages to its members. The United States must cooperate with that system if peace is to be maintained against the threat of a totalitarian system that departs from the great tradition of free Western civilization.

If the term British Empire is a mischievous stereotype in the minds of many people, so is the term "planning" in the mind of Mr. McGuire. It is unwise for anyone to take a term such as "planning" and to associate it only with its totalitarian promoters. More planning for the use of our natural resources would be of inestimable value to ourselves and to the world. So it goes with a number of our social and economic problems. Planning and freedom may exist side by side.

Nor is the work free from certain inaccuracies in its generalizations, such as the rather free and easy statement that the Irish and English are essentially lazy and that only their miserable climate makes them energetic. Such statements are interesting and even amusing, but they are hardly capable of scientific justification. The book on the whole is excellent in style, treatment of subject matter, and convincing presentation of its thesis.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

The Poet and His Time. Ernst Wiechert. Humanist Library. Regnery. $2.00.

WHAT DO WE know of guilt who call on the Germans to atone, or of suffering, or of debasement? How can we talk to them in words which they can use? What do we offer them as a new beginning? There is more than the barrier of victor and vanquished between us. What can we do but *suggest* regeneration,

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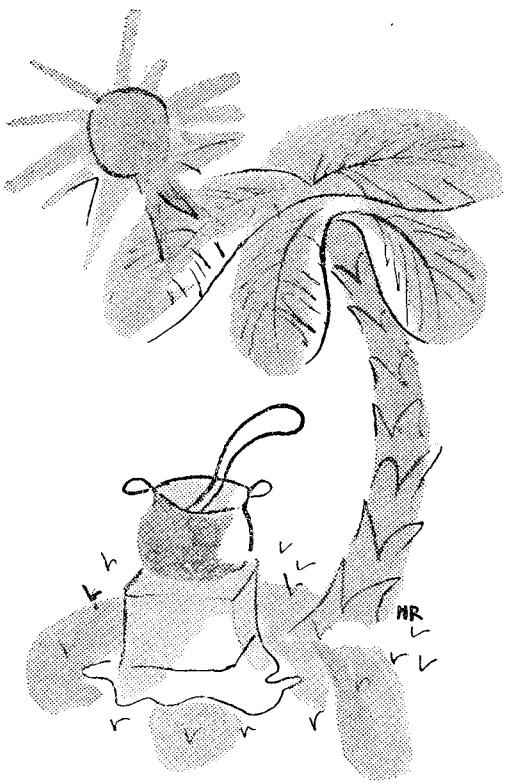

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when by our power we are forced into solutions which deny a German identity. How is Germany to gain physical and spiritual health while intractable nations are tearing it apart?

If there are words of faith which can help the Germans, they probably can best be spoken by a German. These three addresses by Ernst Wiechert have the language of suffering behind them. He speaks for those like himself who were thrown into concentration camps and for those who knew what it was to suffer 12 years of shame and to lose all their moral possessions.

It seems a familiar German style, mellifluous and biblical. "What shall we do?" he asks, and answers: "You must dig out love from under the ruins of hate."

"And you must dig out truth again, and justice and freedom, and raise up before the children's eyes the pictures to which the best men of all times have lifted up their eyes from the dust of their difficult path."

". . . believe in the young truth that shame can be washed away only with honor, with repentance, with the words of the prodigal son: 'Father, I have sinned, and henceforth will sin no more.' "

He speaks of old symbols, of nature, children, and clean hearts. They are words which were understood in the old Germany and may be understood in the new. For his courage is using them, as far back as 1935, Ernst Wiechert paid a bitter price. But they cannot be old symbols used in an old way. They must be respoken, reinterpreted. That depends on the physical and spiritual health of Germany—one of our responsibilities. We Americans cannot sit back in our sentimentality and say "how commendable," "how Christlike," "what a great man." There must be more Ernst Wiecherts with the courage to abide by their morality; but their language will only be an echo of the past, unless Germany can use it and change it in a new growth and progress.

JOHN HAY.

New York City The Editors of "Look." Houghton. $5.00. *New York: The World's Capital City. Cleveland Rodgers and Rebecca B. Rankin. Harper.* $5.00.

THE first of these volumes is a guide book in the "Look at America" series. It is primarily a striking photographic portrayal of the city, admirably presented, with only enough text to make the photographs understandable. The quality of the volume is further enhanced by an excellent introductory essay by Frederick L. Allen, editor of *Harper's Magazine,* summing up in a few pages the general character of the city and its inhabitants.

The second volume is a pretentious work covering the history of New York City by a former editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle,* now on the City Planning Commission, and the Librarian of the Municipal Reference Library. It is not a conventional history in that it does not present a sweeping record of the city's past. It is rather a series of essays, not always too well joined together, describing certain activities of a somewhat related nature such as the shipping activities of the city from the days of sail to those of steam and the rise of Wall Street. The authors have found it almost impossible to restrict themselves to the history of the city proper, particularly in discussing such matters as the development of high finance. At times the reader finds he is reading American history, not New York history and one wonders just

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what criteria the authors followed in drawing the line between the city and the national history.

The style of the book is pedestrian. A vast amount of detail is included and a good index makes the volume a useful addition to a reference library. But it is not a volume to take along on your vacation. Particularly exasperating is the attempt of the authors to give life to their book by dragging in modern expressions to characterize historical developments of long ago. The revolution for example becomes "The Resistance Movement." It is altogether unhistorical to attempt to apply to developments of the past current expressions which have a series of connotations applicable only to the events of their own time.

But the most annoying lines in the volume are those which bring each chapter to a close. The language is stilted, affected and pollyannaish. The authors seem to believe in certain immutable laws and principles which will always make New York bigger and better. Typical of their style is the following: "Under this unwritten law, men and institutions strive continually to produce unity in the midst of multiplicity and to make possible the orderly advance of the community." Or in discussing New York real estate the authors point out the rôle of the big insurance companies, many of them mutual companies. Consequently most of New York is owned by its own inhabitants: "From the record, it seems clear that so far as real property is concerned New York is a collective enterprise in which all its people have a stake. Recognition of this fact and efforts to implement the public interest have been slow, but much progress has been made in recent years. The continuing housing problem is largely a land problem, involving more effective controls over land and its uses."

In their efforts to emphasize the "positive" rather than the "negative" the authors do not really discuss the fundamental problems confronting New York City and its future. The parking problem and its implications for New York business and real estate values, tax receipts, etc., get two brief paragraphs. As a supplementary antidote to this volume one should reread Lewis Mumford's "Culture of Cities." Or if one could persuade Frederick L. Allen to rewrite the Rodgers and Rankin book one could undoubtedly get some feeling of the real rôle of New York City in the nation. In the closing lines of his introduction to the *Look* volume Mr. Allen hints at the precarious base on which New York City rests, "the imaginative quality of the leadership which it can offer" rather than on the natural advantages of its location. And Mr. Allen continues: "Let that leadership become timid, perfunctory, visionless, and the thousand pinnacles of New York will soon be aging monuments to the days when it expressed the unterrified forward thrust of the American genius."

Nowhere do Rodgers and Rankin hint that as Mumford believes, New York's days are numbered and that in the America of tomorrow it will be uneconomic to support the giant skyscrapers, the elaborate transportation system and all the vast paraphernalia required to make New York run from day to day.

In reading the history of New York one notes that the city was built upon the fabulous profits pouring in from the furs of the Northwest, the riches of China, the oil of Pennsylvania, the early killings made in the railroads, etc. In these days of high income taxes and government regulation one wonders if the profit margin is

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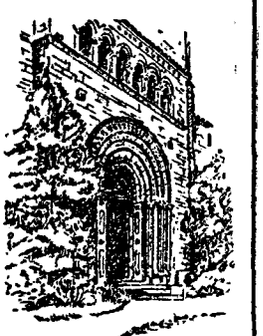

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Next Week

LABOR AND THE ELECTIONS, by John C. Cort, is a highly informative and lively presentation of a factor that cannot be ignored in the current political picture. What did William Green of the AFL mean by saying that his organization "*will never support the Dewey-Warren ticket*"? How will the million and more members of the dissenting AFL Teamsters, and their families, vote? And how about the CIO, which Mr. Cort thinks has no other place to go? A well-founded and important prognostication reaching well beyond November.

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV, by Helen Iswolsky, is a colorful tribute to the late Russian philosopher, who in his ideas and experiences served as a most needed link between the East and the West. "One might say that through his life in exile Berdyaev faced the West and the West through him faced Russia. Perhaps this was the first time such an encounter truly face to face took place in the spiritual sphere of European life . . ." A revealing tribute to the author of "The End of Our Time," "The New Middle Ages" and "The Russian Idea" by a distinguished fellow-countryman and author in her own right.

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really adequate to support tall buildings in New York. I recall that before the war there was some alarm at the exodus of population from Manhattan to the suburban areas for this in turn lowered real estate values which meant less tax revenue for an almost bankrupt city government. In the future many companies may find the maintenance of head offices in New York an unnecessary if not impossible luxury.

Rodgers and Rankin of course make no allusion to the situation of New York in an atom age, to its extreme vulnerability in an atomic war, or to the implications of such tremendous concentration of wealth and power to the well-being of the nation and to the healthy economic development of other areas. They do make some allusion to the impossibility of democracy in such a city by pointing out that in general an influential minority has ruled New York City and that the average New Yorker has little feeling of responsibility for his city government or development.

WALTER J. MARX.

A Union Officer in the Reconstruction. John William De Forest. Yale. $3.75.

IN 1948, De Forest's book, "A Volunteer's Adventures," was published. This was an unforgettable book about the Civil War, written by a man who was considered by William Dean Howells as "really the only American novelist." Strangely enough, it was not until 1939 when De Forest's novel, "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty" was published for the second time that much recognition was accorded this nineteenth century writer. The volume under review recounts De Forest's experiences as an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau at Greenville, South Carolina, in 1866 and 1867. He was commissioned to supervise the welfare of the recently freed slaves in an area of three thousand square miles, in the northwestern part of the state.

The first four chapters are concerned with the Negroes in his district; the remaining six chapters represent a productive effort to analyze the various strata of white culture in the South. De Forest wrote pointedly and without bias; his detailed reports make clear what happens in an area beggared by war, where the old order had perished and where a new one had not yet appeared. Readers who are interested in present-day European reconstruction will undoubtedly find this graphic account of earlier American reconstruction decidedly informational.

PAUL KINIERY.

CONTRIBUTORS

Zsolt ARADI, after a successful career as a journalist, novelist and publisher in Budapest, joined the American Army and for two years served with the occupation forces in Germany.

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